

by Dawnbreaker Dragon

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Summary: That storm shook my world. It ripped me away from the life I used to know, just to drag me to a one I truly belonged to. A story of Friendship and a bond that lasts even through the hardest of times: A bond between a dragon and a trainer. First story.

****Ok then, here I am now, Dawnbreaker, one of the newest members of Fanfiction HTTYD community. Hello everyone and thanks for picking my story (My first one). I hope I won't disappoint you with it but then again, there's only one way to find out: ****

* * *

><p>PROLOGUE:**

But out in the sea, it's much more different. I maybe haven't done much sailing in my short life but I do recognize a powerful storm, too bad all my comrades and friends didn't. I saw the clouds about an hour ago from the mast and immediately called down to warn the others, telling them to turn the ship back but what did I get for a response? Laughing. Straight in the face. "Don't you worry young one, you may not have sailed these seas but we know these waters. A storm has never and I mean NEVER came this far. As long as we keep the land in our sight, we're safe."

Who would have ever known that those would be some of the last words of our chief, Gord_ the slayer of an unnamed, unknown beast with many horns on it's back. _Yeah, I think so too, the name is just a bit too

long...

Now the waves are rocking the boat like a mother rocking her baby on a cradle... if the mother happened to be a pillaged yak. The water is filling up the ship and there's not enough buckets to get all of it out in time. Why, oh WHY did I leave my bed today, why did I have to act all brave and strong. The boat was supposed to be the most stable ship ever sailed the Duggelton waters but even that ship was now creaking and moaning as it's very trunk was ripped apart by the forces of Åtgir and his wife RÃ;n themselves!

"Chief! The boat is sinking!" one of the crew members yelled over the bashing sound of the waves and the howling wind. "We have to abandon it!"

"No way! We can't abandon the ship here! The storm has brought us to the waters of the sea serpents! if we ever were even to graze the surface of the water here, it would be literally eaten off!" Sounded the mighty sound of the Chief Gord "If your lives are in any worth to you, you will stay in the ship and keep on trying, keep on fighting! It is known to be a honorable way to die in the sea but not eaten by a monster!"

I have to say, there's no one who can inspire people like he does. Even the frailest mind could be cured if it was given the right words and Gord sure did know how to do that!

"Take out your oars from below the deck and help this ship make it to the clear waters!" He yelled once again, his voice loud and clear above the sounds of the raging storm. The encouraging speak was soon answered by a crewload of yelling vikings. If there's something that lights the fire in a viking's heart, it's battle. Not necessarily against monsters but their very own survival and that's exactly what happened right now. The spirit of the crew was lit, now I just knew we were going to be alright.

But then again, that was until the
roar.

****_GGGRRRRRAAAAAAUUUUUUUGGGGGHHHHRRRRR!_****

A Roar that shook the ship even harder. A voice so hard that if heard any closer, you'd go deaf or possibly die for it's massive volume. A roar that Afterwards settled the sea and brought deadly calmness all around the area. Only a few raindrops falling out of the night black clouds. Even the nature was afraid of this voice and that could mean nothing but bad.

The sound of the crew faded away as the deep silence filled the air. There was no wind, no voices of any kind. Only... Only death could make a sound that like this, a sound of nothingness.

"C-Ca-Captain... What was that?" One of the bravest crewmembers said, hardly louder than a whisper.

"I don't know." I've only heard tales of such power. The power to stop the storm.

"But captain, look, the storm is not over" The same man spoke again,

pointing out in the night and he was right. Slightly further away from the boat it was still storming, lightnings falling from the clouds.

"Then what in the name of Thor is this..."

"Captain... I think it might be the... the storm's eye. I've only read about those. They're a calm spot in the storm with no wind or rain what so ever but... that still does not explain the roar we just heard. Sounded like the gods themselves had released an angry godly yak upon us."

The look on the chief's face suddenly got worried, darker and still somewhat calmer than it usually was.

"Men... I'm sorry. It has been a great time working here with you... I'm sorry"

GGGGRRRRRAAAAAAUUUUUUUGGGGGGHHHHRRRRRRRAAAAARRRRRRRRR!

The voice... It came below

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><p>AN: How's that for a prologue to you guys! I really do hope you liked it because I did. Please share your thoughts in a review or even a Personal message! Improvements, suggestions and ideas are all welcome but remember that any flames will be completely ignored :)**

And guys, please remember, it's only the prologue...

~Dawnbreaker

2. Chapter 1: A boy spotting spyglass

Ok, I get it. It's really hard to be a new author :P

Anyways, Let's keep going then. This story has been in my head for a week already and I want it out! I want to share it!

Please tell me if you liked it in a review.

~Read on!

* * *

><p>"Okay then guys, listen up *if you're capable of*" Hiccup declared in a somewhat bored manner, whispering the last part. Getting his word through to his friends has always been a tough nut, well, especially to Tuffnut and Ruffnut themselves...

"I don't NEED to be capable of listening. I'm Snotlout! The only thing I really need to do is to be able to fight and look fabulous" Snotlout said, admiring his face on his roughly polished helmet. "Isn't that a wonderful sight. Right Astrid?" He continued, getting a glare from Astrid

"_Yeyyy, you heard that_... " Hiccup said "Ok, anyway, today we don't have any missions on hand so we might as well take it easy for the day and get ourselves some rest."

"Rest in for the weak! I want to... I umm... Do something!" Snotlout shouted in his usual manner.

"How about you take your beauty sleep then?" Astrid launched back at him.

"Yes! I do need my sleep for... Whaaaaa... are you trying to mess with me again?" Snoutlout replied as the twins snickered at the sight of him losing the argument.

"Ugh... maybe if we just took a small flight patrol around the island and the rest of the day is off, okay?" Hiccup said lowering his left hand on Toothles' nose and petting him. The suggestion got an approving growl from the night-black dragon.

"Umm... I don't really get it Hiccup. First you said we'd get the whole day free so we'd get to... rest.. yea, rest. A-and then you say we must actually DO something to get the rest. Isn't that like a little conflicted or...?" Tuffnut yelled from the back of his dragon, his sister Ruffnut nodding in approval.

sigh "Just follow me please" Hiccup sighed "It's what we do every day, it shouldn't be that bad" Incredibly everyone actually got on their dragons. Astrid and Fishlegs are no wonder but the twins and Snotlout obeying him is a miracle. Of course this was a daily routine so that might have helped as well.

They took off and flew out of the dragon training arena to meet the chilly breeze blowing directly at their faces. It was of course a familiar feeling when riding a dragon but it still required some getting used to. One of the other things you need to get used to is the movements and the speed of a dragon, depending on the dragon of course. A Monstrous nightmare and a deadly nadder are both extremely fast where as a Gronckle is slow but highly manoeuvrable dragon. A Zippleback is medium class on both areas as the Night fury is on top of the class with his high speed and mobility in mid-air.

They rode through their ordinary route with not spotting any hostile boats or anything else alarming. Only a few terrible terrors fighting over a Fish and causing distraction on the outskirts of the town.

"Do we get to go now?" Snotlout complained after the regular route, not wanting to "waste" any more time of patrolling the island. "there's nothing exciting here! can I please go back!"

"Ok Snotlout, if you really want some excitement, I'm sure the twins are more than willing to give that to you for the rest of the day but as promised, you can all go. I'll stay here for a while. I want to test something" No more said, Snotlout turned away with a war-cry and disappeared in the clouds. "Umm, just for the curiosity Hiccup but does the thing you're testing... you know... blow stuff up?" Tuffnut said as they were just about to leave with his sister and their dragon.

"No Tuffnut, it doesn't" Hiccup answered dryly, obviously tired and somewhat cranky.

"Oh... I uh.. We'll be going then. I just wanted to make sure we're not missing anything cool or stuff so... see ya" Tuffnut finished and they also disappeared in the clouds.

"I want to see what you're testing. I'm staying" Astrid stated behind Hiccup, just what he had been afraid of. Hiccup just had to agree with it. If Astrid makes her mind, it's nearly impossible to change her thoughts on anything. This has been proven to Hiccup in a hard-ish way.

Hiccup still turned his head to Astrid, just to see Fishlegs hovering on Meatlug right behind her "What? you're staying too?"

"Of course Hiccup. You are obviously going to test something that might have a great impact on our future adventures! Have I never said no to a scientific invention or method? I don't think so and besides, my girl here saw some delicious looking rocks just a short distance from here so we're staying." Fishlegs said, patting the side of Meatlug, making her smile that awkward dragon-smile-ish-thing typical especially for a gronckle.

"Ok, as you wish but it's not going to be that great anyway. You won't even probably get to see the experiment yourself, it's too delicate" Hiccup said, pulling out his spyglass out of his left saddle pocket and waving it in the air. "Toothless, land on that cliff" He said and Toothless did what he was asked for.

As they had landed, Hiccup immediately placed the spyglass on his left eye and pointed it out in the sea, slowly moving it towards the land.

"Ahh, I see! You're trying to figure out what to... you know... I uhh... " Fishlegs started enthusiastically. It's true he's always been a fan of knowledge and inventions.

"No and no Fishlegs. Keep guessing if you wish but you'll get them wrong anyways. I haven't even started the experiment yet."

"Oh..."

"Anyway, Here's the thing. I noticed a few flaws in the design of the spyglass as I tried to look items very far or very close to me so I made a few adjustments to it and I just want to test if the adjustments are right" Hiccup explained as he twisted the spyglass in his hands.

"But why couldn't you do that at the town?" Astrid wondered

"I could have, yes. But at the town Snotlout and the twins would be making too much noise and if Gustav ever saw the adjustments, he'd be wanting me to make a new one for him. Also I find there's something... something beautiful in the scene here"

"Well that's a new one, Hiccup has a sensitive side" Astrid teased sarcastically

"Haha Astrid, really funny. Why don't you go and ask Snotlout for his sensitive side, I'm sure he'll reveal it to you" The comment made Astrid wince in disgust, just as Hiccup had thought.

Hiccup then raised the spyglass back on his eye, the scenes becoming more or less focused as he turned the thing in his hands. "It's working alright"

"Let me see" Astrid stated, not much caring about either the fragile device or Hiccup as she ripped the spyglass off his hands and placed it on her eye, the other hand on it for the turning mechanism. "Wow, you're right Hiccup, this really does work! I can see even the tiniest details everywhere! that rock in the sea, the wild thunderdrums at a distance, a shoe on the beach and..."

"Wait what? A shoe on the beach! I'm pretty sure this is not place for the people of the town to go to. There can't be a shoe on the beach!" Hiccup said, taking the spyglass back from Astrid in a slightly more gentle manner.

"Astrid... there's more than a shoe on that beach..." Hiccup said, lowering the spyglass with an astonished face "Now I'm even more happy the twins and Snotlout are away. Come on guys, I saw something we must get to see a bit closer." Hiccup said placing the spyglass back in the saddle pocket and climbing on Toothless "Ok bud, I saw something at the beach there, could you take me there"

Hiccup and Toothless got off, soon followed by the other two. Just a few seconds from the take-off they already landed on the beach and now everybody could see what Hiccup had seen from the cliff.

"It can't be! Another shipwreck victim? The last time we had one it caused us nothing but problems." Astrid said, referring to Heather who had "shipwrecked" on the island before and turned out to be Alvin the Treacherous' henchman but afterwards she turned out to be only blackmailed by him. Anyway, as Astrid said, it wasn't really a thing you could refer to with a word "fun".

The shipwreck in this case was a young boy, not much older than any of the island's teens. He was slightly longer than Hiccup and had short light brown hair. He was wearing a pair of soaked dark brown leather trousers and a matching shirt and a vest made out of a material that looked like bear fur. The trousers were being held up by a broad belt that had a strange crest on its buckle. He had somehow lost both of his shoes in the process though.

"Astrid's right, I don't really trust these guys that keep dropping at our island every once in a while. I never thought I'd say this Hiccup but I think we should leave him. You know, he's unconscious and if we leave now, he won't ever know we were here and so the things would be like... ok..." Fishlegs had to stop his explanation as Hiccup shot a death glare at him, soon followed by Astrid and Toothless. Even Meatlug gave him a soft nudge on the side.

"No matter how much trouble they have caused us, we can't just leave him here to die!" Hiccup shouted, making Fishlegs regret ever saying a word about the topic.

"Then what do you suggest Hiccup?" Astrid said, looking at Hiccup who already had a determined look on his face. "I think we should take

him to the Town to heal up and eat. Who knows how long he has been here in the cold, starving"

"I guess you're right" Astrid agreed

"Well he's not going to sleep at my house!" Fishlegs interrupted "I mean... I don't think we have enough space or food or... anything..." He soon corrected in the fear of another death glare or a shout from Hiccup.

sigh "Astrid, I suppose you don't really fancy a stranger sleeping under the same roof either, do you?" Hiccup sighed

"You got that one right."

"Yeah, I thought that too. So Toothless, what do you think? can we handle another shipwreck under the same roof?" Hiccup asked Toothless and was greeted with a small soft growl with a sharp tune to it. "Well, that's gotta do now. Can you carry us two to Berk bud?"

This was greeted with a voice more like to a roar.

"Yeah, Night fury pride, remind me to put that in my list. Now let's get this guy to Berk.

* * *

><p>So what do you think? Good? Bad? Who is the new boy? And why in the world did he wash up on the shores of Berk? What is his past? So many questions to be answered, so much more chapters to come

Please share your thought in a review :)

I always try to keep my chapters around 2000-3000 words long... just to let you guys know

~Dawnbreaker

3. Chapter 2: Stoick, the Vast

Thank you so much for my first reviewers, you really made my day by sharing your thoughts on my work. This shall be a start of a epic journey that is also known as my successful authority on the Fanfiction HTTYD community! :P

Note: The text in *italics* is mostly always THOUGHTS in my stories (I MIGHT as well mark the thought with ** instead of a regular " ")

Warning: This chapter will answer a few questions but ask a whole lot more. Be prepared but as always, ENJOY and:

Read on! (Yes, I will say this every single time)

* * *

><p>1st Person POV

The weather was beautiful out in the sea. The sky was blue, the sunshine raining down on whoever was in the area as some waves were sloshing against a small wooden boat swaying in the water.

_I was in that boat, along with my father. _

My father has broad shoulders and his arms are far more muscular than many men's in our village. He may not be the chief but he is definitely the greatest man I know. He may not know how to keep speeches but he is still the most encouraging man there is. He may not be the smartest but then again, he is my father.

_"Dad, what are you thinking?" _

"Clouds" He replied calmly, staring in the sky.

"Clouds?"

"Yes son. You will never know what shape will the clouds form next. One moment they are a boat, the second they turn into a yak. The clouds are free, free to be whatever they want and that makes them some of the most mysterious things to exist in all of the nine worlds. Observe them and I promise, they will never fail to astonish you"

"But dad, they're just white fluffy things, How come they're so wonderful?"

"One day you will know son" He said, placing his hand softly on my shoulder. I couldn't help but to smile at my father, he always knew the best words to say to me.

Suddenly the waves rose, almost throwing me overboard. "Whaaa..." The sky had suddenly turned pitch black, lightnings striking down to the sea, none actually touching it. "Dad, what's happening?"

"One day you will know" He replied, staring blankly in the sky

"DAD!" I screamed as one of the lightnings struck very close to the boat "What is this!"

"Some day..."

"That's not fun dad! Help me!"

"Don't worry son" He said and just after that a lightning struck him. I stared blankly at the sight of my father burning in front of me, my eyes suddenly filling with terror and tears and panic filling my mind.

"DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAD!"

* * *

><p>My eyes flew open as the Nightmare ended. I quickly jolt up just to feel a wave of dizziness sweep across my body. The room instantly started spinning in my eyes and my head got really sore. I had to close my eyes and lay back down on the bed.<p>

"Uhh... What a terrible nightmare..." I muttered to myself, bringing both of my hands on my face and rubbing the sleep off my eyes. "Thank god that wasn't true..."

I laid down on the bed for a while, still holding both of my hands on my face to block out the sunlight raining down on my face from the window.

"Uhh, Where did this headache come from... "

After a while I took the hands off my face and stirred a while in the bright light until my eyes had adjusted. "Ugh... why is the sun so high already!" I said, sitting up again, this time more slowly to prevent the dizziness.

"Wait a second.. sun is up? but I never sleep this late..."

I dropped my legs off the bed and sat on the edge, staring at the floor beneath me. "Huh, I never noticed the floor was so dark before... Hmm" I shrugged and raised my head, the drowsiness slowly drifting away as I looked around my room... "Wait..."

"This isn't right! This is not my room!" I gasped in the sudden realization as even the last bits of sleep faded away from my mind and body. My mind sharpened and I took careful looks around the room.

The room was clearly a lot bigger than mine and made from darker wood. Just opposite the bed I was sleeping at was a huge, flat rock. Probably a table of some sort but a very low one. _"I'm not in a dwarf's house, am I?" _The room also had a inclined working bench with some drawings on it and also a large window almost straight above the bed.

I stared around the room in awe, my mind only focusing on one thing: How did I get here?

I stood up from the bed, my legs instantly collapsing under my weight but I managed to get some support from the bed before I actually fell to the ground. _"How long have I been asleep to feel this weak?... _So many questions to answer..."

I mustered my strength with a few deep breaths and took another try at standing up, this time conquering my own body as I held my balance. I took a step forward, realizing I could probably walk if I got some support at all times. The state of weakness will pass anyway, right?

I stumbled my way, not so gracefully, to the working bench and started looking at the drawings that almost every one demonstrated a body part of a creature I'm unfamiliar of or an invention way too complex for me to ever make. I've had my fair share of blacksmithing lessons at my village's forge and...

MY VILLAGE! Am I still in the village? Where exactly is this place!? What happened!? Wait...

The thoughts rushed through my head in a flash, each and every one important in one way or another but I just couldn't get the hang of all of them. Too many memories, at least... I'm sure I HAD some

memories. I must be from a fisherman village, that I can remember but everything else in my head is just a big blur.

"_Osgar, ok, ok, calm down now. Think... You're from a village that lives on fishing, what else can you remember? My name is Osgar, yes, that's a good start. Think this logically. Fishing... Fishing... hmm... Fishing, YES! A storm! I remember a storm and..._" My entire body shook as I remembered that single thought. I have no idea why but my mind was all of a sudden filled with sadness, my entire body trembling from just mentioning the word must mean something truly happened but what?

A tear rose to my eye as I thought of the storm again as it was the only real clue I have right now. I have no idea why a single word could cause such a hard physical reaction in my body and bring such sorrow to my soul.

"Ok, A storm..." I whispered, controlling my body and keeping it from trembling as I kept on thinking "_What are you supposed to do in a situation like this. You can't remember anything in particular, you are in a strange place, all alone... hmm. Yes, go find out. There is a house so there must be people here as well, eh?_"

"Well at least I think whoever brought me is not a hostile as I'm not shackled." I said to myself, trying to keep as positive as I could. That is one of the ways I've been taught to keep my mind clear.

I was going to leave the only "familiar" environment so far in this place and the thought itself scared me half to death, who knew what was out there. I took a few shaky steps towards the steep staircase on the right of the bed. It was made from the same wood than the rest of the room and apparently the entire house. One thing is for sure, a house as sturdy as this was not cheap or easy to make. The builder must have some power to get a house to represent his worth in the society or maybe a great need to protect himself from something.

I landed my left foot on the first stair, keeping my hand steadily against the wall for much needed support. As soon as I had my entire weight on the thick piece of wood, it creaked loudly, which made the hair on my skin raise up. "Well, if anyone's in the house, he or she surely heard me now..."

Well, I was not wrong.

"Ahh, you're awake! Thank Thor, I thought Hel herself already had some plans for you!" A Deep, thundering voice sounded from downstairs.

I was scared stiff and couldn't move. A voice like this could only belong to a big man, no doubt in that. But after all, I have to find out more about where I am so I braced myself and took a few steps down the stairs, peeking down to see the source of the voice.

Well, that source wasn't really that hard to notice though.

In the middle of the room that looked like a combination of a living room and a kitchen sat a big man, just as I had thought. Some of the distinctive features about him was a long, bushy and semi-braided chestnut colored beard, very broad shoulders that connected the muscular arms to his humongous body. This man was huge in both length

and breadth. He was wearing an outfit like nothing I've ever seen. It is almost like a forest-green dress underneath but decorated with the widest belt I've seen. He also had a fur cloak on his back and a large iron helmet on his head with a horn growing out of each side of it.

"Don't be shy ma lad, come down, you must be thirsty" He said with a relatively powerful accent, gesturing me to come downstairs.

"I-I-I... Uhh..." I stuttered nervously at the sight of this powerful figure.

"What's the matter, don't you speak the language?" He asked me peacefully and something told me that this man was not an imminent threat. The way he acted was way too relaxed and casual for that.

"Y-yes, I speak the language" I replied, a hint of growing self-confidence in my voice. Man I wish I could speak with an accent. Replying to a man that looked this powerful and had an accent felt almost like insulting him with the way I speak.

"Well come down then! Here's some grub for you to get you started" He said, referring to a plate in front of him on the table. I slowly took the rest of the steps downstairs and stared at the plate for a while before encouraging myself to take a seat opposite to that man.

"So, what is your name lad?" He asked as I sat down, keeping my eyes on the meat on my plate.

"Uh... My name is Osgar" I replied. For a while he had a face that you can see when people think deeply of something but the face disappeared as soon as it had appeared. "I see, That is a powerful viking name, be proud to carry it. My name is Stoick the Vast. I'm the chief of this Town, Berk. Although I think you can call me just Stoick"

Well that explains a lot of things. A town chief would of course have a house like this, no doubt in that. Also he told me I'm in Berk... Too bad I've never heard of Berk before so I still have no idea how far away am I from home. I might be right next to it though, I have apparently lost most of my memory so why wouldn't have I forgotten this place as well.

"Thank you for the food uh... Stoick? I was starving" I said taking another bite of the delicious piece of meat I was given. I didn't even notice I had started eating in the first place.

The chief started laughing a heartwarming and deep laughter whilst holding his massive stomach. "No wonder you're Starvin'! You spent two days unconscious in my son's bed!" He laughed and I got a feeling that the hunger had nothing to do with the fact that it had been his son's bed.

"Two days!" I practically screamed, dropping the meat back on the plate, staring questioningly in Stoick's eyes. I had tried to avoid looking in his eyes but the news were just too shocking for me to hold on to my manners. His eyes were just like the person himself,

warm. Warm in a sad way though. Actually when I inspected a little closer, his whole face was like that. It was like he had seen a lot of sorrow in his life but has overcome it, leaving only a warm aura behind. A face that belonged to a man with more life's experience than I ever recall seeing before. Of course this is not a trustworthy observation since my memory is mostly wiped out...

"Yes, you were lying in that bed for two days as the town's healer tried her best to heal your injuries"

"Injuries..."

"Yes." He said standing up from his position and stretching his back in a subtle manner, noting to expect from a man like him. "Anyway, we'll talk about your past later. For now I think it's best for you to get some food and rest and maybe see the island a little closer. My son will show you the sights as soon as he comes back from his business. That should be any minute now" Stoick said.

Just then I heard a weak knock on the huge wooden door on the other side of the room. The door opened and inside stepped a skinny boy about the same age as I am. He was wearing Long forest green shirt that reached half-way to his thighs. He also had a fur vest and green trousers on him but the most distinctive feature about him was the lower part of his left leg. It was... gone, replaced by a prosthetic-looking wood and metal gadget.

"Oh, you're awake" The boy greeted me with a slight wave of his hand "Nice to meet you, My name is Hiccup"

* * *

><p>Aaaaaand that makes a chapter. I was planning to put the next chapter with this one but then I realized it would have been too long since I just couldn't stop writing this scene :P</p>

Well, Osgar had a pretty long monologue there, I hope you guys don't mind that.

By the way, I'm really sorry I can't actually WRITE accents but I'm sure you can all imagine how Stoick speaks :)

Please share your thoughts in a review, I appreciate your feedback!

**Dawnbreaker (Yeah, that's my other trademark, still remember the first?)*

4. Chapter 3: Berk

Well, I have now achieved a minor achievement as new HTTYD author: Get more reviews than you have chapters. Thank you all for supporting me! There's still a long way to go though.

**I'm pretty nervous about writing this chapter since it's the first chapter when Osgar meets the others but it's also making me nervous because after this chapter, I don't really have a clear view on the next one... of course I have the main plot figured out but the

details are lacking quite a bit... hmm... Anyway, that's the worries of the next chapter, now:**

Read on!

* * *

><p>3rd person POV

"Nice to meet you" Hiccup said, looking at the boy and raising his right hand for him to shake. The boy had already looked taller than him when he was lying on the beach but as he was now standing up, the feature was only emphasized and Hiccup could clearly see the boy was at least a good 10 centimeters taller than him. He didn't have as much muscle than for example Snotlout but he was extremely sinewy nevertheless.

"Nice to meet you Hiccup, my name is Osgar" Osgar replied, taking the gesture and firmly shaking the hand of Hiccup, observing him as he did.

"So, how are you feeling?" Hiccup asked quickly. He didn't need to wait for the answer for long. "I'm good. Your uh, father, gave me something to eat and I'm slowly regaining my strength. Could be a lot worse" Osgar said stretching his arms, not daring to mention his memory loss to the boy who had introduced himself as Hiccup. There would be no need to worry anyone with that as long as they acted friendly towards him.

"Oh that's good to hear" Hiccup said, his shoulders relaxing like he had been worried more than he seemingly should have. "Anyway, I guess I'm supposed to take you on a tour around the island and tell you how you got here. You see, You were unconscious when we found you." He continued. In Osgar's thoughts, the voice of this boy was clearly going through a voice break since it still had a childish tune to it but was starting to show signs of maturity.

"I'd appreciate that" Osgar finally replied after a moment of losing himself in his thoughts, relieved about the fact that he would finally get some answers.

"Then come, there's plenty of Island for you to see and many people to meet!" Hiccup said, gesturing Osgar to follow him as he turned on his heels. Or more precisely, a heel and a metal... thing...

"Hiccup, remember what we agreed. I'll meet you at the arena later on" Stoick's deep voice sounded behind Osgar.

"Yeah dad, I remember" Hiccup said, briefly turning to his father.

"And Hiccup..." Stoick said again "Take care of our guest"

"I will dad, can we go now? Or do you have some more godly important notes to make? There's really much for him to see you know"

Stoick just shook his head and headed towards the back of the house "Just go, I'll see you later"

"Come on Osgar" Hiccup said, leading Osgar outside the house. As Osgar stepped out the door he had to blink a few times as the sudden burst of sunlight in his eyes blinded him for a brief duration. Raising his hand to cover his eyes, he followed Hiccup who was confidently walking towards a group of teenagers waiting just outside the house, sitting on the large wooden staircase that lead to Hiccup's house.

As Osgar's eyes were finally adjusted to the sunlight, he finally dared to take his eyes off the ground and take a closer look at his surroundings.

The sight of the Town came to him as a complete shock. The town was located on a cliff just above the shoreline. Filled with numerous sturdy houses just like the one Stoick had, the village was beautiful in all of it's barrenness. He could see farmers leading their sheep through the village as little kids played around them. Men returning from fishing, carrying large baskets filled with freshly caught fish. The baskets seemed to be larger than the ones in his village, or at least he thought so.

A gray, rising statue of smoke in the distance marked the place for a smithy and a wonderful smell of fresh bread informed any outsiders about the location of food.

The village was filled with life and joy and everyone there seemed to be smiling. It was not the happiest smile there is, just like there would be something bothering them. Well, whatever that might be, it wasn't shoving in the daily routines of the people.

Osgar could only look in awe as the scene unfolded in front of his eyes. Yet he was quickly brought down to earth by Hiccup.

"Osgar, I'd like you to meet my friends" Hiccup said, gesturing to the teens sitting on the wooden steps. Osgar reluctantly moved his gaze from the figure of the town and faced the five teens who all had their eyes locked on him. He suddenly felt a little panicked. He has never got used to being the center of attention.

The first one to break the short silence and come greet Osgar was a chubby boy wearing a long light-brown leather shirt and a metal viking helmet with small horns compared to the mass of his body. "An excellent morning to you. My name is Fishlegs" the chubby boy that presented himself as Fishlegs greeted, hesitating a while but eventually raising his hand for Osgar to shake which he did.

"Osgar" Osgar simply replied whilst smiling at the boy, clearly relaxing him with his gesture. It was like he had been really nervous of meeting the new boy and now got the proof he needed to trust him even a little bit.

"And MY name is Tuffnut, the boldest and the most heroic viking on the island!" a skinny, dull-minded looking boy came to greet Osgar next with a big a smack on the shoulder. "And oh, that's my sister... Ruffnut" he continued indifferently, pointing a girl next to him with his thumb. The girl apparently heard that as she took off her helmet and smacked Tuffnut on the head with it. "Ow!"

"I'm sorry about my brother, he's a little slow. He probably meant me with those words anyway" The girl called Ruffnut said. "Oh, by the

way, _ I- like -strangers._.." she whispered slowly, leaning closer to Osgar's face as she did but was soon interrupted by Tuffnut tackling her to the ground. The two identical-looking siblings started fighting on the ground, changing hits with each other every few seconds. Osgar could only stare at the sight of the twins fighting and just wonder what had just happened. He turned to Hiccup with a questioning look drawn on his face.

"That's the twins for you" Hiccup shrugged, not looking concerned at all.

"Yeah, you better get used to that" A female voice was heard behind Osgar. "My name is Astrid and I'd already like to warn you that if you're here to cause ANY trouble, I will make sure the next place you'll ever be seen is at the bottom of the sea!" The girl exclaimed, her words gaining weight with each word, ending up with a sound very closely related to _"I'm going to kill you_" kind of voice. Astrid was clearly a warrior-type girl with a steady voice and a strong, firm appearance. She was wearing a skirt made of wide leather strips, each one coated with metal spikes. She had a short-sleeved shirt with various shades of green, topped with relatively large, spiked shoulderguards. She also had a thin leather band around her head, drawing a distinctive line between her braids and the rest of her hair. This girl clearly had a note on her that said: "Touch and you'll never see your hand again"

"I understood" Osgar replied carefully. Apparently not everyone on this island was as friendly as they appeared on the outside... well, not that Astrid appeared that kind on the outside anyway.

Astrid turned away from Osgar, returning to her place on the steps.

"Don't worry about Astrid, she might be a little hard on the outside but she's really kind if you get to know her" Hiccup said quietly. "Let's just say that the previous stranger we had on the island left some scars on her and that's why she's now mean to almost every new face."

"Ok, I get that... but you know, after that introduction, I think I might be too scared to get to know her and see her kind side"

"Don't worry Osgar, she'll be fine after a while"

"I sure hope so"

"Yeah.. well anyway, last *and probably the least* Snotlout" Hiccup said the last part almost inaudibly as a muscular, cocky looking boy stood up.

"Thank you Hiccup! I always enjoy my name being said out loud" The boy called Snotlout cheered, spreading his arms like a champion after a successful match, slamming one of them into Hiccup's back with such force it almost made him tumble.

The boy was wearing a green short sleeved shirt that left the muscles on his hands to be seen. He also had a vest made out of black fur and on top of his head he had a large-horned helmet that covered his messy black hair.

"My name is Snotlout and you better remember that. I don't like repeating my own words" Snotlout said, getting a mute comment from Astrid who was staring at the sky on the wooden steps. "_Yeah, because you don't usually remember what you've SAID_" she muttered to herself.

The boy Squeezed Osgar's hand tightly as if he was trying to show off his strength and that he was not to be messed around with. "_Well, he's the second one today"_ Osgar thought, squeezing back with a sufficient amount of strength to keep his own hand from being crushed under the massive pressure.

"Ok, now that we've done with the introductions, there's a lot of island for Osgar to see" Hiccup said happily, clapping his hands together with a loud slap. He was greeted with a few agreeing nods and a confused sound from Ruffnut and Tuffnut who were still fighting.

Soon after all of them started walking, Osgar following closely behind Hiccup who was in the lead as he was the one who explained where everything is. Every once in a while Fishlegs also threw in some notes about a certain place's importance in building the village or other facts Osgar found interesting. He was especially interested in how the Vikings in this village were able to stand 9 months of snowing and freezing temperatures and another three months of hail.

"Well, that indeed used to be hard until the Druhhhhh..." Fishlegs stopped, bending over as Astrid elbowed him in his stomach

"Because we're vikings! We're way tougher than we may look" Astrid said, not even caring to look at the boy she had just hurt.

"Ouch... Why'd you do that for! We've discussed this, that is not a decent form of communication!" Fishlegs cried out, still holding his stomach which turned out to be a mistake as his side was left uncovered. Astrid saw that and elbowed him again in the ribs, silencing the chubby boy.

"So Hiccup, shall we continue? may I suggest the great hall?"

"Excellent idea Astrid!" Hiccup exclaimed seemingly enthusiastically. "Follow me guys"

They cut around the corner of a large storage building just to find themselves at a steep stone staircase leading to a pair of gigantic wooden doors at the side of the medium-sized mountain in the middle of the Town, blocking the view to the northern parts of the Island.

"There it is, the great hall! That is where we spent the most of our celebrations all the way from Birthdays to Snoggletog. It is also a good and peaceful place for reading and concentrating if you ever need one. The shelves in the hall are filled with books so if you're a knowledge hungry person, you might want to go there." Hiccup said

"Oh, I've read all the books there, they are so interesting! Especially the one that..."

"Fishlegs!"

"Fine, fine... I was just thinking to share it with him..."

"Anyway, I find no reason for us to go there as it's mostly just a huge, cold empty room which is only rarely used for the purposes I just mentioned" Hiccup explained "Should we move on then?"

"You tell me, I don't know the next place" Osgar shrugged, glancing towards the others behind his back. Snotlout had been strangely quiet with the twins thorough the whole tour even though they were the ones who introduced themselves with the most eagerness. Well that is, if you have an idea what "Silent" means with the twins. They were constantly bickering on each other, a thump heard every now and then as one of them fell to the ground.

"How about the Forge? I think this guy should meet Gobber before going to the arena." Snotlout suggested in a peaceful, cool manner "_I see, the guy also has this "cool" side in him, hmm, who could've thought._" Osgar thought. "I mean, he was the one to carry him to your house for the rest of the trip, I think Gobber deserves to see him awake"

"You're right Snotlout. Besides, the forge is on the way so it's no big deal." Hiccup replied to Snotlout's comment

"So who is this Gobber?" Osgar questioned

"Oh you'll see. He's the scariest and most deadly viking on the entire island! He's only good for making weapons so we've locked him inside the forge so the only person he can hurt is himself!" Tuffnut crept behind Osgar, followed by Ruffnut creeping up on him from the other side "Yeah, Except the ones that look at him in the eyes. Those are the people he will remember and if he ever gets free, he will come for those first!"

"Sooo, what are ya guys doin'!" A cheerful voice sounded behind Osgar

"Gobber!" Tuffnut and Ruffnut screamed as a peaceful looking man grabbed them by the shoulders. The rest of the teens chuckled at the sight.

The man looked like he had been knocked in the head more than a few times, his large lower jaw pushing out and revealing his irregular row of teeth. He was wearing a dirty white shirt with a vest made of fur on top. Although the most distinctive feature was his left hand and his right leg which were both partially made of wood . His left wooden hand also had a pair of tongs attached to it.

"So, ya must be the lad we found a few days ago! Welcome to Berk, the most beautiful island there is in the whole area a hundred sea miles to every direction!" The man obviously called Gobber said, patting Osgar on the shoulder. Osgar friendly greeted him back with his name although the only thing he could really think of was what Gobber had just said. If Berk was the only island in such a large area... no, no, no, he only said it was the most BEAUTIFUL island in the area. There's still hope that his village was close by because he was absolutely sure that Berk indeed wasn't the village he had been

living in. If only he could remember more...

"Anyway, I was just getting an order from Gothi. Apparently she needs a new walking stick. Heh, not that I've seen her use the first one I made her in a long time. You know, it's really a long way to the top where she lives, phew... I'll be going now. It was nice seein' you Osgar! Hiccup, be sure not to scare him with the surprise!" Gobber yelled as he walked towards his forge, whistling a song unfamiliar to any of them.

"He's the scary man you were talking about?" Osgar asked, directing his words to the twins.

"uh... yeah. He like... ONLY turns into that monster in the night and then like eats people, it's SO awesome!"

"You never mentioned anything about a monster before"

"So? That was what we MEANT anyway" Tuffnut said, throwing a high five to her sister.

"Ugh, what if we just kept going to the arena, I think Gobber just ruined you the surprise of being surprised anyway" Hiccup said and the rest of the teens all agreed.

After a while of walking they arrived at a medium-sized cliff at the edge of the village, a large inset mined in it to create a shape of a bowl. An arena if you wish. Above the arena there was a steel net that looked very much like a giant spider web, meant to capture or in this case, keep something in. Osgar also spotted Stoick at the entrance of the arena, holding onto a lever that supposedly opened the gate that allowed passage in or out the arena.

"Ahh, you guys finally made it" Stoick said from a distance, yet his voice clear as day to everyone around. "So, what do you think Hiccup, is out guest in for a surprise?"

"Well, to be exact, Gobber kind of already told him we have a surprise for him so I'd say he's prepared" Hiccup shouted back, his father nodding and pulling the lever in his hand, opening the gate to the arena and stepping in. he walked all the way across the arena to a pair of large wooden doors that were reinforced with metal parts and held shut by a massive log hanging from a pair of thick ropes.

"So then, Here we go!" Stoick said and pulled another lever on the wall, removing the log and opening the wooden doors.

Even though the surprise was ruined by Gobber, the teens and Stoick still had a pretty good idea that Osgar was NOT expecting anything like this!

*RROOOAAARRR!"

* * *

><p>Holy shoot, these chapters only keep getting longer, I must do something about that...

**And sorry for the interruption here but I'm pretty sure you all

guess what was behind the doors anyway.**

Anyway, if you're wondering why I referred to the familiar main characters with something like "a boy, the girl with... etc." that's only because even though it's in 3rd person, It was still the very first time Osgar met the others so it sort of had his POV mixed in it.

I suppose this chapter was a bit hard to write (and I can tell it can be seen in a few places) but I hope it didn't completely ruin your image of this story, the juicy parts are still ahead you know :)

~Dawnbreaker

~"Don't be surprised if you find yourself surprised"

Also, one last note: I have 3 really cool story titles in mind and I WILL use them in the future but now is YOUR chance to get to write one (or two) of them! (that means I wouldn't use it anymore myself and the rights will go to you.) If you're looking for a story idea, one of the three might be just for you. PM or review me for details.

5. Chapter 4: Dragons?

Hello guys! How are you today?

>There's a new poll on my profile so before you read this story, I'd ask for you to vote in it, would make deciding something a lot easier for me :) I'll give you a moment to go and vote now!

...(insert elevator music)...

**So, I assume you have voted now, welcome back and: **

Read on!

* * *

><p>Osgar's POV (Yeah, better get used to it...)

"Incredible"

That was the only thought that came to my head as I watched the large creatures come out from the cave they had been locked in. All of the creatures had medium to large sized wings on their back and scales all around their bodies, just like fishes have, the scales on these creatures just looked a lot thicker. Otherwise all of them had very distinctive and unique features.

One of the creatures instantly caught my attention as it was the largest of them all. It had a slim, at least 10 meter body plus the long tail with a huge 30 meter wingspan. Of course This was all guessing but the main point is, the creature was huge! The scales on the creature were bright red and brown except on the side of its belly where they got lighter. All the way across his back traveled a line of long wavy spikes, all the way to the end of it's massive

tail. Its legs were no doubt massive with all the muscle in them, not even talking about the muscle in its torso. At the front end of the creature's long neck lied it's large head with large yellow eyes right above its long muzzle. A large pair of horns were also growing out of the back of the creature's head.

The second creature I paid my attention to was a sky-blue one that only stood on two legs. Distinctive things about this creature were multiple white spines growing out of it's tail and a massive head compared to its own body-size. The creature itself wasn't as long as the first one but it look terrifying nevertheless. It's wingspan was about 20-25 meters and it's body with the tail only reached the length of about 10-15 meters so it wasn't really as huge as the red creature. It aslo stood higher than the red dragon that looked more like it was crawling. The blue creature stood up high, looking very noble as it did. This creature also had a line of long, straight spikes growing at the back of its head and also a massive horn on top of its muzzle. This one didn't have any spikes on it's back though.

Next up was a green creature with two, long necked heads. This creature maybe didn't have the wingspan of the red one but its body with the tail was definitely the longest of all the dragons I saw in the arena. The two heads were the smallest of all the dragons but as there were two, that didn't quite matter to me. Both of them also had a medium horn growing on top of them. On the creature's necks there were red, flap-like things that I suppose acted like the ones on the back of the red dragon but didn't look quite as fearsome as they were more dull and short. This creature also had probably the broadest body. It wasn't the thickest, only the broadest. At the end of its body there was a VERY long tail that I noticed also splitting at the end of it, just like its heads.

The last creature I hadn't paid that much attention to as it looked less impressive. It basically just looked like a brown rock or at least a rock-hard potato. It clearly had the most armor on its body and a jaw that looked like it could bite a steel bar in two but otherwise it looked very gentle. Its stubby tail wasn't as noble as the other dragons' but could do its job in smashing things as it was clearly the thickest. This creature was also very chubby, making its appearance seem even less terrifying. The body in all of its parts combined was barely more than 5-6 meters and it only had a wingspan of about the length of its body, maybe a bit longer.

I could only look in awe as the creatures circled around Stoick as I suddenly noticed something. There was one combining feature on all of the dragons:

They all had a saddle on them.

"Meet the Dragons!" Hiccup shouted next to me, spreading his arms a bit as he clearly admired the sight himself. You could still see in his eyes that he had seen it before, there's no doubt in that.

"Dragons?"

"Oh come on! Haven't you SERIOUSLY ever heard about dragons!?" Snotlout exclaimed, his voice getting a slight high pitch to it.

"Nope, never... well, there was this one time when I heard that name but it was in a bedtime story many years ago..." I said, feeling a little embarrassed as I noticed the looks on everyone's faces.

"Listen closely then Osgar. Dragons are the rulers of the skies, reptiles created to bring down the largest of opponents. Most of them breathe fire and some have Venom or other abilities and... Anyway, the main point is, you actually have NEVER heard about them?" Snotlout said again, the first time I actually ever heard him explain anything properly"

"I guess that might just be a good thing. You've never seen a dragon before or even heard about them so you must not be afraid of them, right?" Fishlegs quickly added in, my head turning to him with a questioning look.

"You're right Fishlegs! That IS a good thing! Now it's going to be so much easier for him to get to know them!" Hiccup yelled in excitement. As if I ever went close to those creatures anyway. I may not have heard about them but they look scary alright.

"Guys, uh... I think I might be a little scared. I mean, those guys are pretty huge and..."

"Come on Osgar! They're a lot of fun!" Snotlout shouted again.

"That's right, they're really nothing to be afraid of unless you show any signs of threat to them." Astrid added in, grazing my shoulder quickly as she walked past, heading towards the gate of the arena, soon followed by everyone else except me and Hiccup.

I watched in silence as the teens approached the dragons. It was just as Astrid said, the dragons didn't seem to mind as long as they didn't present any sort of threat with their movements or other gestures. At least it appeared to be so. How in the world do they manage to keep themselves so calm anyway?

"See Osgar, on Berk we've made peace with the dragons. They used to steal food from us and slay our kind just about a year ago." Hiccup explained as I stared at the sight of Astrid approaching the blue dragon, taking its head between her hands. Most of the teens behaved similarly except for Snotlout who just threw himself on the giant red dragon just to be soon thrown off by the beast.

"See that? That dragon is called the Monstrous Nightmare, you know, the one that just threw Snotlout off its back. He's called Hookfang and he's supposed to be Snotlout's dragon but I'm pretty sure they still haven't reached the stage of ultimate bond between them..." Hiccup explained. I could only nod as I heard the name, the creature sure did seem monstrous and exactly like it could be a part of your worst nightmare.

"So what are the other dragons called then?" I asked nervously

"The dragon Astrid is petting now is called a Deadly Nadder. Or, actually the one Astrid is petting is called Sormfly but the race is a Deadly Nadder. Stormfly is Astrid's dragon." Hiccup said. "The

green dragon's race is a Hideous Zippleback. I'm pretty sure it's only a single dragon with two heads but as he is Ruff's and Tuff's dragon, they've named each of the heads separately. The left head's name is Barf and the right is Belch. Please don't ask me how they came up with those names... Anyway, the last dragon that looks like a boulder is called Meatlug. Race, Gronckle. I'll maybe explain you something about them later. I'll let Astrid be the judge of that. As I said, she sort of has some trust issues with strangers so I can't say anything unless she agrees." Hiccup shrugged and started walking towards the entrance.

I followed him, stumbling a bit on the first steps because of my state of mind mixed with fright and excitement.

"How come you don't have a dragon?" I questioned as we approached the gate, my state of mind slowly tilting towards pure fright as I slowed down my steps.

"Well, first of all I should ask you a question. What makes you think I don't have a dragon?" Hiccup said and I was too afraid to answer due to the fact that we were indeed stepping in the arena. Oh why in the world did I start following him in the first place?

From the same level as the dragons they looked even more massive, their bodies lifting way above my head on the highest points. I could now see that each one of their claws were thicker than my wrist and looked sharper than any sword I've ever encountered. Not really a soothing observation I'd say.

"Ok guys, this is Osgar. I would really appreciate if you didn't hurt or kill him. He's a friend" Hiccup stated, directing his words straight to the dragons. At this point I sure did hope dragons understood human speech...

All of the dragons growled. I'm not sure if that's a good thing. I'm not really an expert of dragon behavior considering I just met the first ones in my life!

"Aw look, they welcomed you!" Fishlegs yelled, pulling the over-sized potato called Meatlug closer to him.

"Are you sure? I think that sounded more like a
"I'm-going-to-rip-you-to-pieces" kind of growl to me" I said hesitantly, taking a few steps back.

"No, That would actually be more like this" Fishlegs said pulling his hands on his mouth, forming a horn and letting out a voice that indeed sounded a lot more mean than the dragon's growl had sounded. "Don't worry, you'll get to know the different voices and gestures of a dragon in no time" Fishlegs waved it off as it was a no-biggie.

"Ok then..." I said, still not daring to lower my arms from a defensive position.

"Ok Osgar, now I think you should... oh" Hiccup said, looking at me or... behind me.

"AH!" All of a sudden I felt something heavy and wet touch the back of my neck. My mind filled with fear and my eyes widened from the

surprise. It was a good thing I didn't faint in that spot. I slowly turned around, my eyes meeting with a pair of large green curious ones. I instantly stumbled back and fell to the ground. Luckily my arms stopped the fall but still left me into a semi-helpless position on the ground.

Now I could clearly see the owner of those green eyes. It was a pitch black dragon. The dragon was a few meters longer than Meatlug with its tail and had a wingspan of about 8 meters. The figure of the dragon looked extremely agile and aerodynamic with its low-profile position and relatively short legs. Its head was sort of flat, making the dragon look extremely streamlined as well. There was one thing that was bothering me though. The left half of the dragon's tail was gone, replaced by a brown and red invention that looked like to be connected to the dragon's saddle.

"Meet the village's only Night Fury, Toothless" Hiccup said and walked to the dragon, "My dragon" he continued proudly, patting the dragon on its neck. The dragon turned to Hiccup, its face forming a position relatively close to a human smile.

"So it doesn't have teeth...?" I asked, slowly getting back on my feet but my heart still pounding nearly 200 strikes a minute.

"Uhh... I thought that at first too but then..."

Toothless turned back to me, opening his mouth just a bit so I could see in his mouth. The dragon indeed only had gums in its mouth, no sign of teeth. "Then what?" I didn't have to wait for the answer for long as a row of razor sharp teeth suddenly appeared in Toothless' mouth, startling me and making me fall back on the ground.

The dragon then let out a series of deep, mocking voices that I understood as the dragon's way of laughing. "Yeah, really funny.. " I muttered, getting up again and suddenly realizing that most of my fear had disappeared. Toothless then walked to me, quickly nudging my right hand with its muzzle which I took as a sign of an apology.

"No problem boy" I said, raising my hand to pet the surprisingly sympathetic dragon but I stopped mid-air as I looked questioningly at Hiccup for a permission. He gave me a small nod and I slowly placed my hand on the dragon's neck, feeling its strong pulse under my hand.

"Wow..."

"Indeed, no-one else has ever made friends with Toothless so quickly!" Hiccup stated, looking at me with a slightly surprised look.

"That's maybe because I'm from a fisherman village. Maybe I smell like fish" I replied and turned around, just to see the other dragons nearing me with their trainers.

"I don't think that's it. You see, we washed you and changed your clothes when you were still unconscious" Fishlegs said from the side of the Meatball.. I mean, Meatlug. Ugh, why can't I shake off the image of a potato from my head!

Just then I realized what Fishlegs had said: I wasn't wearing the same clothes as I remembered wearing like.. ever. How strange that you could leave such an obvious thing unnoticed. Oh well, the whole day has been pretty much a shock so it's no wonder.

"The dragons seem to like you. You're lucky. We had to go through a lot of training before they could trust us on any level" Astrid said, the rest of the teens agreeing with a few nods.

All of a sudden, Hookfang let out a high growl, his whole body bursting into flames. The thing surprised me for like, the fifth time of the day, making me stumble back again just to be caught by Toothless. All of the teens started laughing at me and the dragons soon joined with their distinctive way. I felt embarrassed but at the same time a relaxing wave spread all across my body, making me feel all warm and fuzzy on the inside.

I started laughing as well and joined the choir of voices that consisted of men and dragons. A voice only to be heard on the island of Berk.

I think I might just like it on this island

* * *

><p>HAA! What do you think? I REALLY hope I've got at least some of their personalities right. I'm just so happy I could finally include the dragons in this story!

**So, the next chapter will be something where the fun begins. I'll give you a clue: the next chapter will most likely have a Mildew, a few fishes and a catapult. That should keep you thinking
xD**

Please REVIEW, and as always, thanks for watc... (blaaah, no Vsauce today folks!)

~Dawnbreaker

**P.S. If you happened to miss my A/N at the top, please go vote on my poll, it would really help me :) But only after you've written a quick review!**

P.S.S SORRY for all of you diehard Meatlug fans for "insulting him" I really do like her, I just thought to add some small humor into this story and the potato reference was a pure accident! I promise!

6. Chapter 5: Mildew, fishes and a catapult

A Huge thank you for all my reviewers, you guys are awesome! And oh, An ever bigger thanks to the ONE guy/girl that actually voted on my poll :DDD.

**Listening to Celtic music while writing or reading HTTYD truly helps and makes the experience more authentic. I recommend that :)

>**A good soundtrack for this chapter would be here:
/watch?v=7RoItrosttY (Turn it on low volume)**

** So... As promised, you will now see a chapter with Mildew, some fishes and a catapult. Without further ado, **

Read on!

* * *

><p>That night was a stormy one.<p>

Dark clouds floating in the sky, letting out rumbles that were to beat even the mighty call of a Thunderdrum dragon. It was like Thor himself had gone lunatic and set up a storm that teared the worlds apart. But as usual, there were no lightnings on Berk... Except for one place...

"AARGH!" Mildew shouted as a lightning hit his helmet that was hanging at the edge of his bed. It was all because of those stupid brats and their puny little friends they dared to call "dragons". He had seen many dragons in his life and NONE of them had ever befriended a human, it was unnatural! The only thing he ever wished was to get those beast off this island as quickly as possible.

Not that it wouldn't have been bad enough if they just flew with them, but now they had also used them to place this metallic travesty of Thor on his front yard! He couldn't stand this any more. That is why he had been watching the kids' practice with their dragons from a secret spot and now knew exactly what to do.

He may have also heard some rumors that the thing he was going to attempt might as well be impossible but at least it was worth a shot. Even if it didn't work, no one would ever know he ever attempted it.

But on the opposite side, this was the best time of the year to try it and if it succeeded, it would DEFINITELY make Stoick get rid of the Dragons as soon as he could. It could wreak more havoc and confusion than any of his plans so far. All it took was a bit of luck and a good aim...

Mildew rose from his bed and went to his small closet, pulling out something that looked like a gigantic hollow horn. The horn was made mostly of leather and wood but there was also some metal parts on the hollow inside to make the sound it made more acoustic and echoing.

He dragged the relatively heavy object outside, carefully avoiding the metal statue so he wouldn't get shocked by the lightnings it attracted. The last thing he needed was a lightning strike to his head. This might just be the only moment he could ever do it, right here in this storm in the dark of the night.

He dropped the horn on the cliff, making it point out to the sea. This was the part of the sea Hiccup and his friends had never really explored. They had never had the guts to go any further to the north on a search of their beloved "dragons". He knew they had explored a massive area to the south and found a line of islands, all inhabited by wild dragons, REAL dragons. They had never searched this part of the sea though and that is why he was so hopeful about this.

He left the horn there and circled back around the house, finding a yak that he had hid there earlier on the day. He had managed to get the Yak from Bucket when he had convinced him he couldn't always walk all the way to Berk to get himself some Yak milk. Thank goodness Bucket was so stupid he had swallowed the bait, hook and the line and given him the Yak. But you can't really blame him, losing half of your brain is a big deal and even a brighter man wouldn't have had any clue what he was about to do with the animal.

He walked the Yak to the horn, making it stand so that the horn was almost at it's mouth. And then when the Yak least expected, he slammed it with his walking stick, making the animal bellow in surprise, the horn emphasizing the sound and sending it out to the sea. Luckily he was on the other side of the island so no one in Berk could ever hear such a sound even with that intensity and volume.

The voice itself sounded even better and more convincing than Mildew could have ever imagined.

The call of the unholy offspring of the lightning and death itself...

* * *

><p>Toothless Shook his head as he was awoken from his sleep.<p>

He was sure he had just heard something. Something strangely familiar to him.

The sound... It was like something from his past had just woken in his head. He just couldn't quite figure out what.

Just then Hiccup let a abnormally loud snore, slightly startling Toothless and making him flinch briefly.

Toothless took a glance around himself, spotting the new boy at the corner of the room, sleeping sound in his newly crafted bed. Somehow This boy was different from all the previous strangers, he just didn't know why.

But Yeah, maybe he was just going paranoid from the storm. He used to live for the storms before but now as he had noticed the humans didn't like them, he had decided neither did he. "The sound was just Hiccup or the wind anyway." He thought as he felt his mind easing up again, quickly falling back to his peaceful slumber.

* * *

><p>After repeating the sound there was really nothing Mildew could do except wait and start setting up the next part of his plan. He got a basket of fresh fish from his house, placing one of them on the cliff where the horn was located.<p>

The basket weighed a lot in Mildew's frail arms and his back was aching each time he tried to move with it. "It's going to be worth it", was the only only thought that kept him going. After all, this time his evidences would be clear. A REAL Night Fury tearing down the island, he only needed to show it the village wasn't as friendly as it seemed on the outside.

And he had just the perfect plan for that.

He kept on dropping the fishes at even distances as he approached Berk with his ever so lightening load of fish. Even though there was a long way to Berk even without the basket, he still traveled the distance faster than he ever had, inspired by the upcoming victory. This time Hiccup and his gang couldn't deny that Night furies were dangerous to the village and that dragon Toothless would be driven out! YES!

He lengthened his steps as he found new strength in his thoughts. Today was the night, he could feel it!

Or more precisely, he could already hear it... It was the sound of a diving Night Fury. A high-pitched whistle coming all the way from his house and suddenly halting, marking the sign of a landing or at least a stop in mid-air.

"The plan has begun" He thought and felt a little proud of himself. During all this time Hiccup has tried to find another Night fury to accompany his but has always failed and now he, Mildew, had found one with just a bit of logic thinking. If the dragon was indeed the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself, why wouldn't it show up on a stormy night like this? He had also heard Fishlegs make the sounds of dragons multiple times during their training and that had helped him to figure out the equipment that was need to make the voice. Fishes were an obvious solution to him as the village's fishermen had told him how much fish they needed to feed the dragons. He just needed to combine all these bits of knowledge into a deliciously devious plan.

Some may have considered him stupid but they all still forgot that he was still the second-oldest on the island after Gothi. That is why he had plenty of life's experience and knowledge.

He placed the last fish from his basket on a cliff just outside the town. It was a perfect position to execute his plan, now he only needed to do some sneaking and climbing...

Soon enough, after avoiding the few lights at the center of the town that fluttered in the rain, he climbed up one of the Berk's catapult stands that were left there to remind the townsmen and women about the days when they still fought dragons. Ahh, what glorious days those were. But today, those catapults would serve a different purpose than just remind.

Just as he remembered, the catapults were all still loaded including this one. He reached the top of the stand, placing his hind body next to a lever that launched the catapult. There was no sight of movement in the village. No one was outside at this time of the day, especially as the rain was pouring down from the clouds.

He adjusted the catapult to point towards the cliff with the last fish. As the stand turned, it made a loud creaking sound as the metal gears had gotten a bit rusty since the last use. What a waste.

He checked the village once more, just to make sure no one had waken up just to find out that none had. The creaks had sounded a bit like thunder so it was really no wonder.

Now he just had to wait... And that is exactly what he did.

He almost dozed off after a while of staring into a close-by lantern that evenly spread its light across a small area on the ground but the thought of the upcoming event still kept him awake. Barely but enough.

Just then he happened to turn his gaze towards the cliff after hearing a slight rustling sound. Then he saw it. It was a dragon that looked almost exactly like Toothless, or at least he supposed so. After all, it was very dark and he couldn't quite figure out all the aspects of this Pitch black creature.

He instantly got excited, his hands grabbing a hold of the large lever as he slowly started pulling it down to release the mechanism. The catapult was aimed, now it was time to fire.

The dragon on the cliff clearly looked astounded of what it was seeing. Houses, some lights and a few animals sleeping on the yards and the close-by fields.

That look would soon be changed to a completely different one, thought Mildew as he pulled the lever all the way down, sending the huge rock flying straight towards the night fury. He knew he couldn't hit it spot on as the catapult was a rough design and the Night Furies were fast but then again, killing it was not his purpose.

Just as he thought, the rock flew through the air with a deep whistle, surprising the unexpected dragon. Despite the surprise the dragon was still too fast for the rock, dodging the most of the impact but the moment of surprise was in Mildew's favor as he still managed to hit the Dragon's left side, making it let out a painful grunt as the rock smashed the dragon's wing.

Mildew cheered silently until he remembered the next part of his plan: _Run, run fast._

Well, that pointed out to be a good plan.

He was already a relatively long distance away from the catapult as he heard it smash into smithereens by the force of the dragon's extremely powerful plasma breath.

"And now to see how the mighty Berk falls..."

* * *

><p>Yup, a short one but so it's meant to be. This is basically just a transition chapter between the real events but I'd still say this is probably the most important chapter so far. This is where the fun begins :P

And if some of you are wondering, I have no idea where this is placed in the tv-series but I suppose it's before Mildew betrayed Berk.

Please review :D

****Dawnbreaker****

7. Chapter 6: Run, Toothless!

****I made a promise which I'm planning to keep:**** SHOUTOUT!
****Please read the story: Dreki V****Ã|ngr (Dragon Wing) by
Angelwriter 10!**

**>- This story includes one of my favorite OCs ever! Please, I
recommend reading it :) story id: 10003992

****Anyways, I'm slightly uncertain about what you guys think of the
story, please review, I appreciate even the tiniest bits of feedback!

****lol, whatever:****

****READ ON!****

*** * ***

><p>3rd person POV:

Hiccup and Toothless were both awoken by a huge explosion. Of course the townsmen had got used to thunder roaring in the night but this voice was definitely nothing that could be compared to that. This voice was more of a wood splintering and cracking than the loud rumbles of a lightning.

"Hey bud, what was that?" Hiccup asked as he rubbed the sands of sleep off his eyes, sitting up on his rough wooden bed and pulling off the blanket that covered his thin body. Toothless quietly walked to hiccup and lowered his head so that Hiccup could take some support from it as he stood up. "Whatever it was, it was loud", He continued and lifted himself up from the bed. He carefully lowered his full weight on his prosthetic, delighted that he didn't feel the pain that he usually had on his first steps of the day. "Thanks bud"

"Uhh... what is that rattle, five more minutes please!" Osgar mumbled from his position while yawning and stretching his arms, looking at Hiccup with glassed eyes.

"We don't quite know..." Hiccup said and Toothless softly hummed in response, looking at Osgar and then back at the direction of the voice, letting out a worried, high-pitched growl.

"I know, we're going to check it out. Come on Osgar!"

"Wait... whaaaa" Osgar replied sleepily as he stared at Hiccup and Toothless already stomping down the stairs. "Ugh..." Osgar sighed and laid down on the bed, rubbing his face with his both hands until he threw them up and practically jumped out of the bed. "Ok, I'm coming!" he shouted after Hiccup.

They made it through the house and on to the front yard, stumbling their way down the steps and making their way into the center of the town. It wasn't raining much anymore but still enough to moisten up their clothes and hair.

At the center of the town they were greeted by a soft, orange light

that radiated from the ruins of a shattered piece of wood that used to be a catapult. All the villagers were gathered in the square along with Hiccup's father, the chief, who was trying to calm people down.

Hiccup, Toothless and Osgar immediately rushed to Stoick who had a concerned look on his face, his hands pointing defensively at the crowd of people who were shouting questions at him with much anger in their voice.

"Dad, what happened?" Hiccup asked his father worriedly, looking at his nervous figure that was bathing in the lights of the fire. For some reason the fire made him look older this time and not the opposite. There were already some people putting out the fire with buckets full of water but the pure size of the area with the flaming wood was too great of a job for them with so little amount of buckets.

"I don't know son, but I must do something about it quickly. The town is getting out of control. They demand answers. I was actually hoping you could tell me more about this. This hasn't happened ever since the... dragon raids." Stoick said as peacefully as he could under these circumstances.

"_What happened!_"

"Why were we awoken from our sleep!"

"We need explanation!"

"It must have been the dragons! There are no lightnings on Berk!"

Stoick looked extremely tired and the load on his shoulders got heavier with each question asked. "Calm down! We don't know what happened but I'm more than sure it wasn't the dragons! They've already proved us that they are trustworthy! Calm down people!" He yelled in the crowd, silencing the people for a while but the voices returned just as quickly in the form of suspicious whispers.

"How can you be so sure it wasn't the dragons? They have caused destruction before, why not now?" Some random man shouted at the back of the crowd, raising the voices of the other people to shouts again.

"The dragons have never brought any destruction down on Berk on purpose! Besides, I know I've trained them well enough so they all stay at their nests or houses in the night. That is if they haven't been disturbed" Hiccup joined the shouting and as the chief's son and a local legend, he got a few agreeing mutters as a response.

"The boy is right, the dragons only help us during the day so why would they want to hurt us?" Some woman in the front row said, receiving a happy nod from Hiccup who was standing on the platform with his father and Toothless. Osgar only looked at the scene in amazement. He had been on the island just for a day and he was already pulled in an argument that included the whole town.

"Don't you see people! Have you all become blind? Have your brain filled with all this mumbo jumbo about dragons being good!? Can't you

see it! It's obvious that the dragons are destroying our defense systems so that they could attack the village and kill everyone in it!" A new voice joined the conversation at the side of the crowd. Out of the shade of the houses stepped a skinny man with a walking stick, Mildew.

"That's nonsense! The dragons could never..." Stoick said but was interrupted by Mildew's quick and loud words

"The DRAGONS, eh? Have you forgot what used to be before the _MIGHTY _chief's son "tamed" the night fury?" Mildew said with clear sarcasm with the word mighty and tamed "Have you all forgot what the dragons did then? They killed our people! They stole our food! And now they're out of the food they once stole and are coming back for more in the form of human flesh!" Mildew spoke loudly, slowly making his way in front of the crowd. Hiccup and Stoick could only watch his form in disgust as they both knew it wasn't true but they still had to admit; Mildew was a good speaker and already starting to convince the crowd.

"We have to repair the catapult! In case of raids!"

"NO! Drive the dragons away!"

Toothless groaned at this, looking desperately at Hiccup who immediately started speaking "How do you even know it was a dragon! There was a storm! It could have easily been a lightning!" He said with his most convincing tone, a few people agreeing but the most still looking suspicious

"Oh come on Hiccup! I thought you would know your dragons better. Even I can prove you it was a dragon. I can prove you it was a NIGHT FURY!" Mildew said, emphasizing the word night fury with all his capability. "Look at the splintered wood! The wood has spread in a wide area but only in one direction! That means the catapult was destroyed from the side, not from above as a lightning would! I also know it was a night fury because no other dragon can pack such a punch in their breath, no other dragon can even push back objects with their fire!"

"That's not true! A Gronckle can, and also A Thunderdrum and a Scauldron can!" Fishlegs shouted from the side. He had just arrived there with the regular gang, Astrid, Snotlout, Ruff, Tuff and himself.

"But that only proves it was a dragon, eh? Besides, I've seen all of them shoot while they still raided the village! I know that the dragon Stoick has does not breathe fire! I know the water-lizard dragon can't do it either and the pathetic meatball of yours could never light up such a wide area of wood with its little fireballs" Mildew shouted in a mocking tone, convincing the crowd even more. "It was a night fury..." He finished, almost whispering.

Instantly after that the whole town bursted into shouts again, Mildew smiling widely at the sight of the people's minds and hearts filling with fear as Stoick did all he could to calm them down. It was no use anymore, he had won.

"Toothless, I think you should go. Go to the woods. I'll get you later." Hiccup silently whispered to Toothless who immediately

understood and left, leaping from rooftop to another as he made his way out the village.

"Calm down people! If you want, we can build a new catapult!" There's no harm done! No one is harmed in any way!" Stoick continued his speech on his platform as Hiccup made his way to his friends, Osgar soon following behind him.

"We have to get the dragons out of sight. Mildew has done it again. We can't afford to let anyone see them under these circumstances." Hiccup said, Astrid and fishlegs nodding immediately but the rest were still looking a bit suspicious.

"So... you're saying I can't meet Hookfang for a long time?" Snotlout asked, rubbing his broad chin

"No, I didn't say that. We can still see them but we have to remain hidden. We'll still do the patrols for outcast boats every morning and evening but we must fly further away from the village, clear?"

"Clear." They all added in response

"Just for the curiosity? uhh... what's clear?" Tuffnut added in with his usual blank face.

"Ugh... Just meet me in the arena at dawn, we need to discuss how we're going to prove Mildew wrong"

"Umm, just for making it clear Hiccup, what if Mildew's not wrong? What if the catapult was indeed destroyed by Toothless..." Fishlegs said nervously but stopping immediately after Astrid gave him one of her signature I'm-going-to-kill-you-if-you-ever-mention-that-again looks.

"He's not right. I was with Toothless all night and the window was locked because of the storm. He could have never got out the house" Hiccup replied sternly

"But Mildew is still right about something. The explosion did look like it was caused by a night fury, a strong one."

"FISHLEGS! It's not Toothless!"

"I know, I know! I'm just wondering. But if it wasn't Toothless, WHAT in the name of Odin was it then?"

* * *

><p>Okay then! you know the answer to that if you read the last chapter BUT that doesn't mean you could guess what's going to happen in the next chapter! Heck, Even I don't!

****And sorry for this chapter only being a large conversation but it was necessary for the story. The other chapters will be more focused on detail.****

****Reviews are appreciated :) (I really need them to know how you think about this story. Is it good, is it bad? What is there to improve, what is there to change? I can't do any changes or**

improvements if you don't tell me your opinions)
:D**

Dawnbreaker

Also check out my one-shot: -Dreamguard-

8. Chapter 7: Blowing up Mildew

Okay then, a few people have mentioned me having a few grammar mistakes in the story and I'd REALLY like to thank those people! I mean, finally I'm getting your opinions and feedback like they way they should be, honest. Now I have something to focus on while writing the story :)

I just read about this one game on a newspaper. It features vikings and Norse mythology and guess what? It's been made by STOIC studios! The game is called the Banner Saga. Coincidence?

But I'm not going to waste your time anymore;

Read on!

* * *

><p>Osgar's POV

"Ok guys, gather up" Hiccup yelled over the loud roars and grumbles of the dragons that now occupied the arena along with their riders.

The dawn had arrived quicker than any of them had thought as the whole village was under a state of confusion and terror. A state that made people run around, screaming about dragons, catapults and raids. Some may say it was just like the old good times, but the most knew that wasn't true. The life had got so much easier after Hiccup befriended Toothless and tamed the dragons. No-one wanted to go back to the time of the raids anymore, they were the past.

"As you all know, mildew has once again blamed the dragons of something they haven't done. Even though Fishlegs here thinks that Toothless did it, it still doesn't mean Mildew's right. We all know how our own dragons behave in different conditions and I'm more than sure it wasn't any of their doing." He continued, speaking loud and clear as the arena was quickly settling down.

"But can you be sure the storm last night didn't have any effect on the dragon's behavior? I mean, I was lucky to keep Hookfang so that he didn't burst into flames... more than 4 times..." Snotlout said, obviously proud of what he had accomplished, even though in my opinion it didn't sound too amazing.

"For once he has a point there Hiccup. I'm happy I'm not full of holes right now because Stormfly got really, really nervous and started shooting spines all over the place. The only thing kept me from being nailed was my shield and quick reactions. Thank god she didn't breathe magnesium on me..." Astrid said, patting Stormfly on her muzzle as gently as she could in such an overwrought state. The blue dragon hummed in response and pushed it's head even deeper into

Astrid's embrace.

"Not you too Astrid! You can't be telling me that even you believe Toothless did it!" Hiccup yelled, accompanied by Toothless who led out an unsatisfied grunt, raising his entire body a few centimeters off the ground in a slightly threatening manner.

"I never said that Hiccup! I'm just saying that maybe Snotlout has a point in what he said. The dragons' behavior was affected by the storm, and not in a good way" Astrid said, letting go of Stormfly and walking to Hiccup. She harshly poked Hiccup's chest with her index finger, obviously frustrated about his words.

"I know guys, I've studied the dragons"

"Then why did you ever say that the storm didn't affect them!?"

"I didn't say that either Snotlout! ugh, could you please listen to what I'm trying to say here!" Hiccup shouted, clearly annoyed in this stressful situation. From what I've seen he's not the kind of guy to lose his temper quickly but then again, it's his dragon that's been blamed. "Okay, I never told you guys YOUR dragons wouldn't be affected but think of it. Toothless is a Night Fury! He's born for the storms and the night! The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself, remember? Toothless didn't let out a squeak all the night!"

"Yeah, because he was destroying the catapult, of course you didn't hear him make a sound!" Snotlout yelled. This conversation was really getting intense and I'm not sure how I should handle it. For now I think I might just follow what happens.

"You're really NOT helping! I thought we're in this together! You really think Mildew will be pleased after he gets Toothless off the island? NO! He's going after ALL the dragons! Including Hookfang!" Hiccup said, this time slightly more peacefully, pointing at Hookfang's enormous figure next to Snotlout.

_"Don't worry boy, he doesn't mean it.___" I could hear Snotlout whispering to the red dragon right after Hiccup had finished his little speech.

"So... Are we going to discuss about how to prove mildew wrong or not? Because if we don't make anything up soon, the whole town will turn against us and the dragons and then it's already too late to avoid the disaster." Astrid joined the conversation next to Hiccup.

"_Oh now you changed your mind.___" I could hear Hiccup muttering, facing his head away from Astrid.

SMACK

"Ow! What was that for!"

"For questioning me" Astrid replied sternly, pulling her fist back.

"Hey! I got an idea! How about we actually destroy something with our dragons so that Mildew can't blame them about something they HAVEN'T

done?" Tuffnut excitedly butted in the conversation, gaining a facepalm from each and everyone present. Even her own sister smacked him for the stupid idea.

"Okay, maybe that wasn't the smartest idea but hey, here's the next one! How about we..."

"Tuffnut!" everyone shouted, clearly not wanting to hear any more ridiculous ideas of this not-so-bright guy.

"Blow up Mildew instead..." He still muttered.

"Tuffnut, we're not blowing up anybody or anything!... Hey, wait a second. You MIGHT just have a point there!" Hiccup said, rubbing his chin like I've seen him do a few times when he's thinking about something.

"HICCUP! You can't actually be considering blowing up Mildew!" Fishlegs exclaimed with a shocked face. Even all the other teens had a surprised expression on their faces as Hiccup stated his opinion.

"No, no, no! I was just thinking that MAYBE if we found something else for him to do for a while, he couldn't continue agitating the people and it might just give us some more time! Figuratively speaking Â'blow him out of the townÂ'you know, just for a while. I'm sure my father will help us with this case. I know he's on our side." Hiccup said, spreading his arms and waiting for any feedback that was sure to follow.

"That's a great idea! That way Mildew shouldn't bother us by motivating the villagers to any sorts of riots or anything like that!" Fishlegs agreed. Even though he had been on "Mildew's side" a while, I think he cares about his dragon more.

Overall, even though I'm only been on this island for a short time, I've realized that the dragons seem to be a very valued topic around here. And what makes them even more special is that the only dragons the can actually be ridden are the ones these teens have. Does that make them special as well? I don't know that yet but considering the whole village is actually thinking of driving the dragons away gives me a feeling they might not be as precious after all... hmm. Could it be that the people are just afraid of them?

"But we still need a plan to convince the people that the catapult was not destroyed by Toothless or any of the dragons. Any ideas for that?" Astrid said, this time even directing the question to me as well.

"We'll think of that later. Now we're already late from our patrol and we have to start the plan of getting Mildew something else to think about. I'll say we go to talk to my dad after the normal patrol" Hiccup stated, quickly hopping on his dragon with precise movements that can only be achieved by experience.

"And oh, Osgar, as you can't join us on the patrol and I think we're going to take a lot time there today as we have to fly further away from the village to avoid being seen, plus we have the plan to take care of. I'll say you go exploring the town until lunchtime or so." Hiccup told me as the last thing before he dashed away from the gates

of the arena, soon followed by the other teens flying their own unique dragons. I could only amaze as they flew above me. Their pure size was enough to thrill me but seeing how gracefully they flew with their wings beating the air in solid, flowing movements, I couldn't help but to stare at them with my mouth gaping wide open.

"See you at lunch at my place!" Hiccup shouted and they left, the dragons quickly accelerating to a speed I have never seen before. Not even the fastest kind of fish could ever reach that velocity.

"Wow..." I muttered to myself as I made my way towards the gate, closing it by pulling the lever on the outside.

"I wonder what it's like to fly a dragon. It must be terrifying in the beginning but maybe you'll get used to it. After all, it can't be much different than the shaking and waving of a fishing boat in a storm, right? Well, considering that boat is flying in several hundred meters and a drop from there will crack you open like an egg..." I thought to myself but shook my head in disbelief as I couldn't even believe what I was thinking. There's a huge possibility that I'll never even ride a dragon so why bother my mind with such things as flying one!

I slowly made my way to the center of the village where Hiccup and the rest had already taken me, taking in the sights on the way. Sometimes I felt like I stopped at every single rock or a patch of grass that reminded me of something. Something familiar, yet something blurry.

As I focused on my surroundings a bit closer, I could see that the entire village was built thinking about the dragons. The rooftops were obviously reinforced with an extra layer of wood or support beams and even the roads were mostly made of stone, preventing the dragons' massive weight pressing down the sand and creating holes in the ground. Even the people here seemed to be adjusted to the dragons living among them as nearly all of them carried a fish or two inside of their other stuff. Not that the fish couldn't have been eaten by the people themselves but I just got the idea that way.

"Huh, maybe I should start carrying some fish as well"

Well, I got to admit that Hiccup was right about having me circle around the town and explore it. The town had so much things to see!

It was like everything around me was reminding me of those creatures. I don't know why but I feel this strange connection to them, just like they'd been a part of my life for a long time already but that can't be possible, I just met them! Especially now as the whole town was on the verge of a mental breakdown due to Mildew's convincing and frightening words about the raids coming back. I'm not quite sure what is a raid but I didn't like the sound of it, especially from his mouth.

I've most definitely made my mind on this case and I'm standing on Hiccup's side. That smelly old grandpa is crooked in his mind! The dragons seem to be noble and kind creatures and everyone that wishes harm to them is a complete moron. Well, that's only my opinion of course.

Then I thought it would maybe be a good idea to sit down for a while, you know, just to take in the scene without worrying about such annoying and distracting things like movement.

I sat down on a small rock a little further away from the center with the catapult debris, just gazing at the view of the town hustling around me, listening to the voices people were making. Some hasty and loud, some more delicate. Even the smells were a thing to amaze. The smell of freshly caught fish in an other direction, smell of bread in the other. If there was something good about the speech that old guy gave this morning, it was definitely that the village had become alive. Well, I don't really know how this town usually is but compared to anything I've ever seen it's pretty lively.

"If there's actually a place like this in this world, I'd like to know more about it" I quietly muttered, my eyes moving from one sight to another as the scenery constantly changed in front of my eyes. At some point I could see a man with a metal bucket on his head, negotiating with someone about something what seemed to be chickens and the other moment you could see a fighter practicing his axe-throwing skills at the side of a thick-walled house.

"Wait a second... Maybe I can find more about this place!" I thought and got really excited about the sudden idea. "Didn't Fishlegs tell me that there were shelves full of books at the great hall? There must be some books about the place's history as well!"

I launched my body off the rock, using my hands to lift me up and instantly started heading towards the stone staircase that lead to the great hall. "And I also get to see that place now, it's a double win."

I basically dashed up the steep staircase and stayed a while on the upper ledge, staring at the humongous wooden doors that stood, ever so mighty, at a good three meters above my head. I placed my hand on the surface of one of the doors, pushing it back slightly and for my surprise I noticed that it was open.

I took a quick peek in the pitch-black hall from the doorway until fully opening the door to let in some light. That light revealed the true characteristics of the place but one thing stood above all else; The place was huge!

At the other end of the lengthy hall was a throne-like object made of a single, solid piece of wood. Or at least that's how it looked like from a distance but that wasn't the most amazing or surprising thing about that throne.

It was the thing lying right in front of it.

It was a dragon!

* * *

><p>Well? What do you say?

**I'm sorry about not updating earlier but I've been on my test week and that has really taken the toll on my writing and reading but I REALLY hope it doesn't affect the quality of this chapter :) At least

I'm happy with it.**

Please review! :D (This time I'd especially want to hear about if I've succeeded in characterization or not. I want to know this because it's my first story on HTTYD and I'd really appreciate any feedback that might just help me)

Also please go vote on my poll about what story should I write after this. Will it be one of the options on my profile or do I immediately start on the sequel?

**Anyways... **

~Dawnbreaker

9. Chapter 8: Slowly roasted pork

**Let's see how this works out... **

**Read on! **

* * *

><p>Osgar's POV

The dragon in front of the throne looked almost identical to Toothless except a bit smaller. Its scales were also brighter, glistening a faint blue light as the sunlight reflected off them. But the most obvious thing about this dragons was that it was injured. I've seen many chickens who have broken their wings before and this dragon's wing looked exactly like that.

The left wing of this sleeping beast looked strangely out of position, pointing oddly to the side like a pole was holding it up. Whatever it is, it must be painful, That is not a normal position for a wing.

I slowly approached the dragon, feeling extremely nervous but excited at the same time. This was the first dragon I've met without Hiccup. As I got closer, I could see a slight bulge on the front side of the oddly twisted wing and from that I immediately knew what was going on. The wing was broken, no doubt of that. And on top of all, there was also trails of blood coming down the dragon's side, dripping from the massive open wounds that could have only been caused by something extremely sharp, like a shard of glass or a... claw.

The only thing that kept me closing in for the dragon was the fact that it was sleeping and injured and also my ever-so-growing curiosity of this beast. In normal conditions I would've never done something like this but seeing how helpless the beast was, I could help but to feel a little sad for it. "What could have caused this..." I quietly muttered to myself, reaching my hand out to touch the broken wing but as my hand got closer, the wing suddenly moved.

I looked down and found myself staring into the most beautiful, yet the most fearsome eyes I've ever seen. The eyes of the black dragon were deep blue just like the color of the ocean. They even shimmered

like the surface of the water on a sunny summer day. It was a magnificent sight but in a way magnificent that it made your blood freeze. The eyes were narrowed to slits, signaling of the raw power and fury of the creature that possessed them.

I was scared stiff. Although this dragon looked a lot like Toothless, from a close distance I could now tell it still had its own distinctive features. The body was overall slightly slimmer and the muscles on its legs didn't look as bulgy but the lack was replaced by a row of razor-sharp claws on its front paws that looked like they could tear apart a good chunk of iron in one single sweep.

The dragon kept staring at me, slowly opening its mouth to reveal its pearl white teeth. The dragon growled loudly at me, waking me up from my trance. I was still standing right next to the dragon, not wanting to move a muscle in fear that the dragon would pounce on me and instantly bite my arms off. Or at least I thought so as the growl the creature had let out sounded exactly like the growl that Fishlegs had used to describe the _I'm-going-to-rip-you-to-pieces_ gesture of the dragons.

"_Oh why was I so stupid to come so close... why do I have to be so curious!_"_

I took a deep breath, and started to back away. There was no doubt of it, I had disturbed a sleeping wild dragon and it wasn't happy. The best thing I could do is to run away as soon as it was possible. Even in the condition the dragon was in, I thought it could still easily kill me with a single bite.

To my great fear, the dragon slowly stood up and started following me, still holding the deadly gaze in its eyes. I could see the dragon limp slightly on the left side and that it was only dragging the broken wing on the ground but otherwise the movements of this dragon looked relatively good compared to the condition of its side.

My eyes grew wide and my heart started pounding the speed of sound. I could feel beads of sweat form on my forehead and arms as I made my way slowly to the exit. Too bad the dragon also appeared to notice my fear as its movements got more confident and it picked up its pace.

I was too afraid to move my eyes from the dragon's as I knew if I did so, I'd be extremely vulnerable to it's attacks. That's why I was backing off instead of running away with my back turned to the creature.

I was already half-way through the hall, the dragon still following me with its steady, yet limping steps that each made me quiver in terror. I know that Toothless had been really friendly towards me earlier but this dragon was much different from the one Hiccup loved like a brother. This dragon was wild, untamed, filled with a lust to survive and protect itself from anyone that possessed a threat to it... Too bad the threat happened to be me right now.

Wait a second... A threat... That's exactly what Hiccup had told me earlier. The dragon must not feel itself threatened in any way.

This piece of information soothed my mind a bit but even the tiniest bit of that hope was lost after I took a better look at the dragon's

posture. That brief moment I had wandered in my thoughts the dragon had adopted a new, crouched position.

I was almost at the door but the dragon was about to leap. I've only got one chance to do this. I just have to hope that there was a way to lock the door after I got out.

I surprised the dragon by suddenly yelling at it with all the strength I could muster and releasing the air in my lungs to create a shout so loud it even surprised myself.

The dragon experienced a moment of uncertainty and that was exactly what I needed to execute my plan. I turned away from the dragon, slipping out of the great hall with a few steps and instantly turning back to close the door behind me. I could hear the dragon growl and I knew it was coming for me so I quickly slammed the door shut, my eyes already looking for a thing to close the door but for my great misfortune, the large wooden bar that usually kept the door closed was shattered.

I'd like to say I was brave enough to stay and fight the dragon that undoubtedly followed me but the reality was very different. I completely panicked, almost fainting at the spot when the dragon pressed its massive body against the door, opening it with much ease as I could fight against it with my already cramping muscles.

The door opened with such force it knocked me back on the stone floor outside, leaving my body in an extremely vulnerable position as the dragon came out of the hall.

I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe. It was like paralysis. The only thing I could do is to accept my imminent death.

The dragon came to me and placed its right paw on top of my chest, my rib cage bending slightly from the weight it was putting on me but luckily not breaking. The long claws were touching my chin and cheeks as the dragon lowered its head towards me, making a few scratches on my skin.

"Goodbye" Was the only clear thought I could think before hearing a loud, crashing sound as something down in the village either fell down or bumped into something else. That voice did it. The dragon's facial expression turned from bloodthirsty to scared and it quickly retreated from me, returning to the darkness of the great hall with a few less graceful pounces.

It didn't take me too long to realize that I was still alive. I touched my cheek, noticing that even though the voice had saved me, it had still caused the dragon to startle so much that the brief graze of its claw had hardened for a moment, tearing apart a part of the skin and flesh on the soft cheek. The wound wasn't too deep and didn't bleed much but I still knew it would leave a scar on me.

I got up, not really feeling any pain as I was still in shock but I still knew what to do so I did it. I started running.

* * *

><p>I didn't stop running until I felt I could run no more, which was still quite quickly as I still hadn't completely recovered from the

shipwreck.<p>

As I finally stopped next to a tall building with a green-painted door and a decoration that looked like it was made of dragon teeth. I leaned myself on the wall, panting heavily as my mind raced on the scene that had just happened. No matter how I think of it, the dragon was injured. It was purely my fault to step in its territory and get punished for it.

"I must get back there..." I thought. The dragon needs help. No matter if it could tear me apart, I need to help a noble creature in that condition. I just can't let something like that die to blood loss or infection of any kind. I must help it!

The depth of the thought was even more emphasized as I thought of Hiccup and the teens with the dragons. Just looking at them made me feel so... jealous, yes, that too. But the biggest feeling I had was respect. I respected the teens for riding the dragons but even more I respected the power of the beasts themselves. And I felt that respect couldn't be truly expressed if I didn't help one of their kind in a problem like this, survival.

But how to gain the respect of the dragon before I could express mine by helping it? I guess I'll need to ask Hiccup for that.

But asking Hiccup might also be a risk as the dragon in the hall seemed extremely stressed out so I guess it couldn't handle many persons and dragons at the same time, trying to tend its wounds and bones.

I need to be careful with this. I don't want it to go on rampage because of my lack of caution. I need to be subtle.

As I had thought of the problem on hand for a moment I could feel my stomach grumbling, hinting that it might just be time for lunch. I pushed myself off the wall I was leaning to and started making my way towards Stoick's and Hiccup's house.

As I opened the door to the house, I was immediately greeted by three pairs of eyes, two of them belonging to humans and a single pair belonging to a dragon ever so similar to the one I had just met. But this dragon was kind and intelligent, I knew it, you could tell it from his eyes.

"Aah, Osgar, welcome! Have you had a nice morning?" Stoick asked, flashing a fatherly smile to me and making me smile in response. I knew I had to lie and it hurt my conscience but it was a must if I ever wanted to keep this village safe. "And what happened to your cheek?"

"I bumped to a man carrying a sword as I made my way through the town. Don't worry, the wound doesn't hurt as much as it seems. I'll get it cleaned later. Otherwise the morning has been great, thank you. I visited the great hall and went to see some of the sights in the town. This place is really great!" I said, noticing that I actually HADN'T lied after all except for the wound part. I did do all those things if you really think of it. "You were right Hiccup, the great hall is a pretty empty and dismal place but I can see why you celebrate things there, that place is huge!"

"Yeah, it is. Just imagine the place filled with cheerful, semi-drunk vikings and a bunch of dragons. It's fun"

"Semi-drunk?" Stoick asked, pointing a questioning face to his son

"Uhh... Fully drunk?"

"Son, I do believe I've told this to you earlier but we viking never get drunk! We're tough and a simple liquid could never win a battle against our bodies or minds!"

"Not even when you purposely set your beard on fire after Gobber mentioned he saw a mouse in there?"

"Hey! we've discussed this, I saw the mouse myself as well and there was no time to get it out the regular way!"

"Yeah... sure..." Hiccup said and Stoick immediately struck him with a glare. Some of the vikings seem to be a little slow but Stoick surely did understand obvious sarcasm. "So, other than flaming beards, we've been talking about the plan we made up in the morning and I think we have a great idea to get Mildew busy. I'll explain more after lunch. Right now I'm starving" Hiccup stated, referring to a whole pig over the fireplace that was slowly roasting in the gentle grazes of the flames to become pure delicacy. There was also a large basket of fish on the other side of the room, just for Toothless.

After the meat was ready, I hungrily dug into the moist meat, my tongue swirling around the salty meat as my jaws kept chewing on it. The flavor was heavenly and made me forgot about all the trouble I had earlier on the day.. well... most of it.

I gathered up my courage to ask Hiccup something, knowing he'd be in a good mood because of the tasty meat. "So Hiccup, I saw a few dragons today on Berk and they looked a little injured, nothing much though, just a bruise. Should I be worried or something? How fast do dragons heal?" I lied. It felt bad but it would get worse if I had told the truth.

"Well, actually dragons tend to heal much faster that any human ever would. Even if dragon broke a bone, it would still heal up in just a couple of days depending if they're treated properly which means supporting the bone in some way. What did the dragons look like? Were they small and mostly green?" Hiccup explained, giving me the answer I was actually looking for without even trying much. I nodded to reply his question.

"Aah, those are terrible terrors and they are notorious fighters. Always fighting each other. No wonder there was a bruise or two. Anyway, I wouldn't be worried, the bruise might be gone already!" Hiccup said, taking another bite of the meat. I stared at Toothless for a while before having enough courage to ask the next necessary thing.

"But if I ever wanted to help a dragon that looks injured or if I just wanted to pet it, how should I approach it anyway?" I asked, hoping that I didn't sound too curious or reveal anything too important.

"Well, the Dragons on Berk are all tamed so you can just go to them and do whatever you're intending to but if you were ever meet a wild dragon, you'd better call me. The wild dragons are tricky as they need to know 100% sure that you are a friend and mean no harm. That's a skill one learns after experience and that's why I'd recommend you'd always get me" Hiccup said, again giving out the answer I was looking for... well... sort of.

"Ok, thanks, I'll make sure to call for you then" I replied. I guess I had shaped the questions pretty well but I still couldn't help but to wonder if they suspected anything.

I looked at Toothless, who was still enjoying his fishes, sometimes throwing the high up in the air and then catching them with his mouth, making a strange sound as he swallowed them whole. Then I looked at Hiccup and Stoick who were both peacefully enjoying their food, not caring about my gazes.

I relaxed a bit and took a mouthful of meat. Maybe, just maybe this would work.

* * *

><p>So, Osgar has a secret and he pretty much wants to keep it to himself for now. Will the others find out? What if he tries to help the injured dragon? Will it tear him apart? And most importantly, how did the dragon get in the great hall?

I hope you liked the chapter and as always, please review and give me feedback, it helps me to make it to the next day :)

Also vote on my poll if you haven't already and tell me your opinion on if I should write an Inheritance cycle fic as well :D

~Dawnbreaker

End
file.